THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by having half-a-pound on trial.

Vol. II.—No. 45. MANCHESTER, Saturday, June 19th. Price One Penny.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE.
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £4 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8. 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
BRADFORD & CO., Manchester and London.

BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX
MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto..... £7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 7s. 0d.
PURE WATER FILTERS at 10s. 6d.
As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
SLACK & BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-st.
MANCHESTER.
Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

CLARET,
11s. PER DOZEN,
BOTTLES INCLUDED.
Our trade for this pure light Bordeaux, for DINNER and as a BEVERAGE Wine, increases daily.
James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
And at
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Brighton Coat, 20/-
Grant & Co.'s Showerproof Overcoats, 17/6
Grant & Co.'s Boys' Suits from 8/-
Grant & Co.'s Youths' Suits ,, 15/-
GRANT & CO.
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, & OUTFITTERS.
136, DEANSGATE,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
BY
J. W. SCOTT, FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

WM. JAS. WRIGHT,
TAILOR,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

WM. JAM. WRIGHT,
Schneider und Hutmacher,
58, LOWER KING STREET,
MANCHESTER,
ersucht höflichst die Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY
and their Royal Highnesses
PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S
TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED
BY
NICOLL'S
ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY
NICOLL,
11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S
GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.
Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.
Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.
Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

S. & J. PRESTWICH

BEG to call the attention of Intending Purchasers of VELOCIPEDES to their PATENT PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, which combines the best possible material and workmanship, with thorough stability.—Can be seen, and other particulars obtained,
At 13, MARSDEN SQUARE;
Or at their Works, Farnworth, near Bolton.

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!
McCANEY & CO., 17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET, offer the best
NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER
At 11d., 1s., and 1s. 1d. per lb.
EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the
NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,
PRICE 10s.
MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.
(Wholesale and Retail.)

JOHN SLACK,
CARVER AND GILDER,
BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.
17, LEVER STREET, Piccadilly.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,
Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor:
JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
149, Chapel Street, Salford.
AGENTS: Woolley, 69, Market-st., Manchester; J. Wheeldon, 217, Stockport-rd.; T. Bushby, Stockport-rd.; J. Whitehead, Tamworth-st., Hulme; T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

J. HAYWARD,
(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)
Window Blind Manufacturer
5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

TUESDAY, June 22nd,
IS THE
LAST DAY for TICKETS.

1869.—NINETEENTH SEASON.—1869.

Art Union of Great Britain.

ONE SHILLING PER SHARE.

1,637,677 Tickets have been sold in the eighteen previous drawings, and 19,852 PRIZES distributed, including 4,604 Paintings, in amounts varying from 200 guineas downwards, being ONE PRIZE in each 82 Tickets.

THE DRAWING FOR PRIZES
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
WEDNESDAY, June 30th, 1869,
And will consist of upwards of
ONE THOUSAND PRIZES.

First Prize:
"A NOBLE WIFE".....W. H. FISK.....£150
Second Prize:
"The MORNING EXPRESS"..J. P. PETTITT..£126
Third Prize:
"A TIGHT FIT".....J. KENNEDY..... £63
and about 150 other Paintings, from £60 down.
[Particulars in Prize Lists.]

Tickets, ONE SHILLING each, entitling the holder to one chance in the drawing, may be had from the various Agents, or will be forwarded direct by the Secretary on receipt of envelope (stamped and directed), together with postage stamps or post-office order for the number of Tickets required.

JAMES G. LAW, Secretary,
39, Oxford-street, Manchester.

YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Established 1824.
JOHN NELSON, 61, Piccadilly,
AGENT.

ROYAL VISIT TO MANCHESTER.
BUNTING, UNION JACKS, and ENSIGNS, suitable for Public Buildings, Warehouses, &c.; also SILK BANNERS, for Societies and Schools; at
WHAITE'S
Manufactory, BRIDGE-ST., Manchester.
ILLUSTRATED LISTS ON APPLICATION.

VELOCIPEDE MAKERS
Can be supplied with
WHEEL TIMBER of the finest description
(Bent Rims, White Hickory Spokes, Saddles, &c.) at
THURMAN'S BENT TIMBER WORKS,
New Wakefield-st., Oxford-st.

NO MORE DEAR MEAT.—Important to heads of families. Just arrived from Australia, the finest Mutton in the world. Fully 3d. per lb. cheaper than English. In Tins, 7½d. per lb.; smaller quantities, 8d. per lb., COOKED & WITHOUT BONE.
WILLIAM T. BAX, Provision Merchant,
75, STRETFORD ROAD.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
Nine Hours at the Sea-side
SOUTHPORT, WATERLOO, BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, and FLEETWOOD.

THIS Company is now prepared to make SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for the Conveyance at Low Rates, of Mill Hands, Members of Mechanics' Institutions, Provident and other Societies, Sunday and Day Schools, &c., to any of the above delightful watering places. Parties guaranteeing 300 passengers can secure a Special Train for the day.
Particulars of Fares, and any other information, may be obtained at the office of the undersigned.
HENRY BLACKMORE,
Victoria Station, Superintendent.
Manchester, June 7th, 1869.

RUPTURES.
EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862
Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS.
Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

FREE TRADE HALL.
Tuesday Evening, June 22nd.
GRAND
ASSAULT-OF-ARMS,
(Under distinguished patronage,)
IN AID OF THE FUND
FOR THE
WIDOW AND ORPHANS OF THE LATE SERGEANT INGLIS,
By the leading Amateur Athletes of Manchester and district, assisted by several of the most able Swordmen of the King's Dragoon Guards.
Reserved Seats, 5s., Second Seats, 2s., Gallery, 1s. Area, 6d.

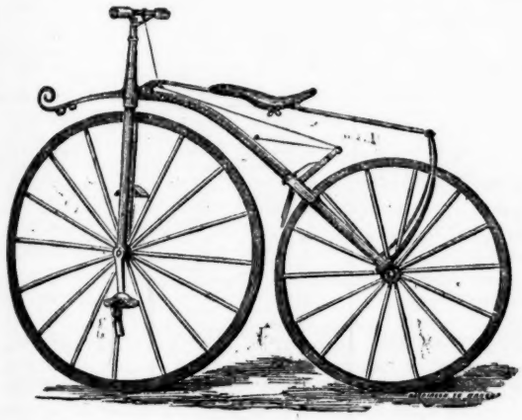
By the kind permission of Colonel SLADE and Officers of the King's Dragoon Guards, the SPLENDID BAND of the Regiment will attend.

NATHANIEL GOULD & CO.

3, Market Place,
177, Oxford-st.,
60, Oldham-st.,

2/6 Per Pound

260, Deansgate,
107, Rochdale-rd.
Manchester.



VELOCIPEDES.

THE BEST

French & American Two-Wheelers,

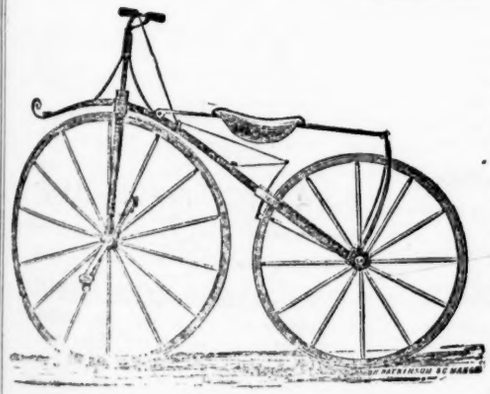
AT

112, PORTLAND STREET.

TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.



THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent). The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Every facility given for Tournament practice. Gentlemen who have bought other makers' Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

In order to keep the attendance select, the NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 3s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d , to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO & TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 2s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d, to 1s. 11d.
Seven Tucks, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework ..... 9½d.
Ditto ..... 1s.
Ditto ..... 1s. 3d.
Ditto ..... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow ..... 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra ..... 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, Etc., Etc.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers..5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel ..... 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill ..... 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 16os.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 17os.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin.. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
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THE CONSERVATIVE DEMONSTRATION.

HOW many people actually walked in procession on Saturday last? We have tried to arrive at a correct answer to this question, and as we are of no political creed whatsoever,—neither blue, orange, green, or any colour under the sun, except the tint of the paper whereon we are given to the public, the said public may accept our calculations without fear of being deluded by ardent Conservative or sneering Radical, by the gentleman who believes that the world will come to a speedy end if the Irish Church Bill is carried, or by the other gentleman who prophecies revolution and a general go-to-pieces if Mr. Gladstone and the Bill do not both triumph over all opposition. In the spirit of Gallio we perched ourselves at a window in Chester Road on Saturday afternoon; in the same spirit we visited the Pomona Gardens; in the same spirit we now record our impressions.

The procession reversed Milton's description of Sin. It began badly and ended well. At first, there was a want of regularity and order. There were great gaps here and there, and much hurrying-up of the Conservatives behind, to overtake those in front. Sometimes they walked six abreast, sometimes five, sometimes four, or even less. Moreover the banners were few and far between, and—thank goodness! the bands also. The reader will sympathise with this exclamation when informed that we sat through nearly two hours of procession-gazing, during which two hours we were tormented by twenty-eight bands, and, therefore, by more brass instruments out of tune, more fifes beyond all shrillness shrill, more drumming, and more music which was simply noise, than we can think of without a shudder. There were one or two honorable exceptions, but as a rule the music was a caution! Nevertheless, we confess that though the bands were what they were, the procession would have been a very tame affair without them, and for the first twenty minutes it certainly was so. Afterwards it improved. The men walked in better order, and closed up. Officers were to be observed, marshalling and directing. Flags multiplied. Bands followed one another, sometimes so closely that "God bless the Prince of Wales," and "Auld Lang Syne," were blended together in discord indescribable. The crowd thickened on either side, the blues came pouring on, club after club, association after association, until as far as eye could reach, to right hand and to left, Chester Road was one mass of human beings, a sort of black sea, through which rolled a black river, relieved by spots of blue, and marked at intervals by gay-hued banners and the glitter of cornet or trombone, while the windows on each side were represented by clusters of heads, and the public houses displayed huge "flags of all nations," known and unknown, for the double purpose of expressing enthusiasm, and attracting notice to the liquors within. There was a sprinkling of women in the procession, conspicuously conservative with their blue ribbons, bonnets, and dresses; also of lads, necessarily as young in politics as in years, but, on the whole, and a great whole it was, the demonstration was an undoubted success, a spectacle most imposing as much from the appearance of the men who composed it, as from their numbers. We never wish to see a finer body of men than were supplied by some of the neighbouring towns,—Blackburn conspicuously among the rest. Most noticeable, too, was the fact that the great majority of the processionists were working men in every sense of the term,—men who, if their principles be only half as blue as the favours they all sported, will fill more glass cases for Professor Rogers than Professor Rogers will care to pay for or to see. "We want none o' your big folks. It's going to be a spontaneous combustion of the public," was the remark of a Manchester Tory, a few days beforehand. And so we believe it was. True the irresistible Charley walked at the head of the Salford division, and was duly cheered at intervals. True also, there were a few—a very few—of the clergy in the procession, some dozen or fifteen in all, so far as we could count. There was one knot of five, and another of four; also one noble example in his gown; but clerical Manchester was conspicuous by its absence, and, we presume, most of the parsons who took part in the demonstration preferred to go straight to the gardens, instead of trudging through the muddy streets. We say "muddy" advisedly. With that wise prevision which so eminently distinguishes our local management, the water-carts had turned Chester Road into a complete puddle, and where mud ended dust began.

But to return to the numbers in the procession. We made, as we have already stated, careful calculation, trusting to other watches and other eyes besides our own. The result was as follows:—the procession began to pass our post of observation at 4-7 p.m. The rear-guard of Orangemen finished passing at 6-53 p.m. In other words, the procession lasted two hours and forty-six minutes, or one hundred and sixty-six minutes in all. The number of processionists who passed per minute, was, keeping fairly *under* the average, two hundred. The total number who passed, therefore, during the hundred and sixty-six minutes, must have been about 33,200. Let our Radical friends say 30,000, and our Conservative friends 35,000, and both sides may fairly consider themselves not far from the mark.

As to the numbers who visited the gardens we decline altogether to hazard a conjecture. From two p.m. down to the time when the procession arrived, there was a steadily increasing stream of people going past our window, besides any number of omnibuses and cabs. At one time nine omnibuses, crowded inside and out, went by in succession. Then, while the procession was passing, nearly as many people walked along the pavement as in the middle of the road; another procession, in fact, accompanied the principal one, or rather went past it at a quicker rate. In Chester Road the two processions were divided by the crowd of spectators who stood stationary at the sides of the carriage-way, with their backs to the pavement, and a lane in their midst, through which the real procession marched. Between the Cornbrook corner and the gardens, however, there were comparatively few spectators, and the great mass of Conservatives, processionists and non-processionists, walked together, filling up the whole road, and setting all calculation at defiance.

At a little before six p.m. we left our window, confiding all subsequent observations as to time and numbers into the hands, or rather eyes, of competent deputies, and walked, with the stream, to the gardens. We noticed a telegraph station on one side of the gateway; also, that no one asked us for our ticket, and, indeed, that no ticket at all seemed to be needed. Fronting the entrance was a notice, truly Conservative no doubt, but very peculiar. It

appeared on the gable end of a long building, and ran as follows:—"Refreshments." Then, underneath, in letters a foot long, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." Judging by what we witnessed in the eating and drinking line, England, or that portion of it represented by Mr. Reilly and the Pomona Gardens, had no reason to complain of the patriotic efforts of Conservatives, male and female, to discharge their duty, and refresh themselves. There were two immensely long bars, or counters, running along two sides of the great dancing platform. These were crowded six deep from one end to the other. Moreover, there was the placarded building aforesaid also devoted to refreshments, and also as full as hungry and thirsty Conservatives could fill it. The two fields which were used, together with the gardens themselves, for the demonstration, were dotted here and there with pic-nic parties who had, apparently, brought their own provisions with them. It is only fair to remark here, that, notwithstanding the consumption of liquids which went on so continuously, we saw scarcely half-a-dozen instances of drunkenness, and we did not leave the gardens till between seven and eight, when most of the visitors were gone, or going, homewards.

As in duty bound, we made the tour of the eight platforms. No. 1 was a nuisance, both from the crowd in front of it, and the fact that said crowd had to stand on the wooden dancing platform, so that the noise made by the unlimited number of boots effectually prevented us from hearing what a very eloquent and much-perspiring clergyman was saying. This platform (we mean the one on which the speaker stood) was by far the largest of the whole eight, and the great centre of attraction. No. 2 we had some difficulty in finding. It was situated at the extreme end of the large dancing hall, and really, so far as we could see, might as well have been dispensed with altogether. A good many people kept coming into the hall, and walking out again. The sound of their feet upon the wooden floor, acting as in the case of platform No. 1, with the additional reverberation from the vaulted roof. Besides, it would have taken nearly the whole demonstration (bating some slight exaggeration) to have made the place look *comfortable;* and the platform, with its chairman, speakers, and small knot of listeners, all huddled together in one dark corner, looked so inexpressibly dismal, that we turned and fled at once. Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, were situated in different parts of a large field, on one side of the gardens. We did a little listening at each, and then crossed over into the other field—a long triangle, between the gardens and Throstle Nest, with the river on one side of it. Here were stationed platforms Nos. 7 and 8. No. 7 had exhausted itself, apparently. We were just in time for the final cheering and groaning, after which the speakers departed in a body. This was about 6-30 p.m., and the last 5,000 of the procession had still to enter the gardens. Considering that the platforms had been in full cry since 4 p.m., it was, perhaps, only natural that the speakers should be worn out, but still we chronicle the fact, to No. 7's disgrace, the other seven platforms kept hard at it for an hour afterwards. When we say "hard at it," we mean at the Pope, Mr. Gladstone, and the Mayor of Cork, who appeared to be the three bogies of the demonstration. Seriously, on looking back at the fragments of the various speeches we listened to at the various platforms, we wish, for the sake of the demonstration, that it had begun and ended in a procession, and a mere pic-nic or gala at the gardens. The speeches, like most of the speakers, were very hot, and calculated to do anything but good to the Conservative, or Irish Church, cause, both at the time and afterwards. "Preserve us from our friends!" should have been inscribed on one of the many banners in the procession; and most of the white-chokered and choleric Irish gentlemen who wasted so much breath on Saturday last would have acted far more wisely if they had allowed the really splendid procession to tell its own tale, made bonfires of the eight platforms, helped to wait on the tired and foot-sore deputations from Preston and Blackburn, played kiss-in-the-ring with the youthful Conservatives, and gone home, content to know that 100,000 (or whatever the number may be) professed true-blue Tories had gathered together "spontaneously," ready to defy the three bogies, and uphold Church and State, against Mr. Gladstone, the Pope, and the Devil.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IN a paper descriptive of Ambleside and its associations, a few weeks ago, we took the opportunity of quoting two unpublished poems of Hartley Coleridge. We have been favoured by an intimate acquaintance of his, Mr. Thomas Bell, of Ambleside, with a few additional verses, also hitherto inedited, which, though slight and unpretending in character, are not without interest as illustrating the peculiarities of the poet's character. Hartley Coleridge was especially favourable to the sonnet, and many of his productions in this form will bear not unfavourable comparison with those of Shakespere and Wordsworth. His brother Derwent says his chief strength lay in the sonnet, and in producing these he exhibited a marvellous facility, which has been said to amount to improvisation. "At any hour, in any place, or in any company, if the fit took him—that is, if he found himself with anything to say—he would ask for a scrap of paper, and produce a short piece of poetry, perhaps a sonnet, often of very perfect construction. This was attributed to genius, but, in fact, he shows his genius as an accomplished artist." It was to this habit of the poet that we owe the verses we are enabled to quote. "In the farm house or the college, not alone at times of rustic festivity, at a sheep shearing, a wedding, or a christening, but by the ingle side, with the grandmother and bairns, he was made and felt himself at home." "It was in some small measure to repay, or at least to express, the pleasure that he derived from the society of these friends, that many of his occasional poems were composed, some of which will be found to rank among the best of their kind. The following sonnet was written in 1845, on

THE FAIR AT AMBLESIDE.

What a huge turmoil in a little town,
Swell'd like a cow that has been eating clover;
See thievish Mercury, suspended over
Each canopied stall, and eager to pounce down.
And see the maid, that has not learn'd to frown—
From mistress free—no mistress to reprove her,
Hangs on the arm of him she deems her lover;
God grant he be no worse than honest clown.
Among the crowd I see a scarlet coat,
That would seduce the lad to other arms
Than such as thine, on which he seems to doat:
Oh! gentle maiden, work with all thy charms,
Let not thy chosen youth make thee the wife
Of men whose psalmody is drum and fife.

His brother tells us that his occasional poems testify, in a peculiar manner, to his love for children—the young, the innocent, the beautiful, the happy." Here is a brief poem on the birth of an infant, on New Year's Day; and it may not be superfluous to mention that in the year 1845, alluded to therein, he lost his mother:—

Sweet innocent—a new year's day to thee
Was no mere sign, but a reality.
And I, who do not in my heart despise
All that some think old-fashioned fantasies,
Hail the good token—not for thee alone,
Though thy sweet helplessness may part atone
Of evil things that the past year had shewn—
But thou may'st be a pledge of hope renewed,
Reward of trial borne with fortitude.
To all that love thee, pretty flower and gem,
Oh, may'st thou make the new year glad to them.

'Twas well for thee thou wert not first alive
In that ill-omen'd number—forty-five:
Year of intestine war, sedition, treason,
Of discontent, with much or little reason—
Be thou the swallow of a milder season.

New Year's Day, 1846.

In conclusion, we give one written on the wedding-day of a lady friend. Hartley Coleridge was never married.

Unhappy were the poet whose estate
Grim poverty has doom'd to be alone;
Could he not wed all Beauty for his mate,
And think the joy that others feel his own?

I saw the Bridegroom, with his weeping Bride—
For tender souls will weep, they know not why—
Now safely seated, loving side by side,
Although she seems, as yet, a little shy.

He's half afraid, she would and yet would not
Unload the fulness of her panting breast;
She almost fears the blessing she has got,
And is with very toil of bliss distressed.

Oh, may the moon—the happy, happy moon—
That soon will rise, the nuptial night to bless,
Set, as it must—and be it not too soon—
In a calm sea of wedded happiness.

CASTE.

THERE are two reasons why *Caste* will always be the most popular of the plays that Mr. Robertson, as yet, has written. One of these is the merit of its powerful appeal to the feelings of its audience, and the other is the de-merit of being almost entirely devoid of cynicism. Although it has not any more plot in it than *School*, or *Ours*, or *Play*; what plot it has works always on the sympathies, and being entirely concerned with the relations between a husband and his wife—their marriage, separation, and re-union—rests its claim to popularity on the strong love of that institution which is planted more deeply than any other in the affections of the English people—matrimony. The first act is occupied by the courtship and betrothal of a nobleman with a ballet-dancer. The second, by telling to the wife that the husband is about to go to India on active military service. The third, by the telling to the wife that he has come back safe, when she believes that he is dead. It will thus be seen that the title of the play is a misnomer, as only the first act is directly concerned with "caste." So that it is almost a pity Mr. Robertson did not use his admirable second and third acts in some other piece, and work out his first into an exhaustive play upon that splendid theme with the name of which he wrongfully entitles this one. The piece, as it stands, is not a play about "caste" so much as about husband and wife; and, from the sketch which we have given of the second and third acts, it will be seen that they afford no scope whatever for that cynical philosophy which Mr. Robertson so well discourses, when he likes. Although the absence of this makes the play more popular than its presence would, we miss it, and we regret it. There is in the world so much that is contemptible and foolish, that cynicism is a quality we always welcome. But although the plot of the piece—to call it a plot—does not afford an opening for it, it is introduced, in some degree, into the minor features of the play; more, however, in idea and situation than in words. Thus, the introduction of the reprobate old Eccles on the happy scene between his daughter and her lover, at the end of the first act—intruding "caste" upon the love that had disowned it—is a perfect bit of cynicism, and brings down the act-drop on a situation.

The dialogue of *Caste* does not contain a quarter of the smart things that the dialogue of *School* does, but it abounds in delicate little pathetic points and touches, which would amply compensate for the omission of the somewhat gaudy contrasts and tinsel wit of the clever dialogue of *School*; but which scarcely do so, when these are replaced by the ludicrous "business" of which the first and last acts of *Caste* are full. Nothing condemns the broad fun of such episodes as Captain Hawtree's adventure with the kettle more than the manner in which they are received; the uproarious and unintelligent laughter which greets them showing that the commoner, coarser, and louder instincts of the audience are being acted on, and that comedy has overstepped the boundary-line of farce. These absurdities are amusing, and for once and away are very well—except for the reputation of their author—but one would be sorry to see them admitted permanently into comedy. The ludicrous surprises in dialogue and business, in which Mr. Robertson so delights, are rather shocking to good taste. A fine mind resents being repeatedly let down from sentiment to buffoonery, and this feeling of resentment often overpowers the feeling of merriment excited, or attempted to be excited, by the humour. All this play with the kettle and bread and-butter business is cheap, though coarsely-effective, fun; and the roar which follows it makes the critic shudder.

The pathetic power of *Caste* is great. That is its chief merit. But, taking it as a whole, it strikes us as the work of an inexperienced dramatic pen. Immature as *School* is, *Caste* is more so. It confirms us in our belief that Mr. Robertson is ripening, and that his masterpiece is yet to come. It has none of that feeble perfectness which marks mediocrity, and none of that fatal finish which proves an author to have reached his apogee. It is full of brilliant faults—which means genius; and clever crudeness—which means genius undeveloped. When Mr. Robertson writes his masterpiece, he will not carry on two interviews at the same time, as he does in the first act of *Caste*. His itching after contrast will have learnt better than to drag his audience's attention from one set of circumstances to another, at each alternate sentence. He will not introduce long passages from Froissart, which bore the spectators as much as they are supposed to bore the characters. He will not hazard bringing babies and their cradles on the stage. He has got his fame by representing trifles, but he will not keep it by representing nothing else: he must make them subordinate to substance. The last act of *Caste*—which is three times the length it ought to be—is full of them. Trifling points, trifling business, trifling explanations. The moment he has affected the spectator by a situation, he wearies him by a long explanation how it came about. Experience would so arrange the incidents as to make the audience know intuitively how they happened. The last act, being full of anti-climaxes, drags terribly—now almost making you cry by its author's power of pathos, now provoking you with his constructive impotence. Instead of dropping the curtain on the strong situation of the meeting of the husband and the wife, he forgets that the re-union of the long-parted lovers, after the first meeting, is, comparatively to their separation, common-place. He bores the audience for twenty minutes with long-winded explanations, and then slowly drops the curtain on a feeble tableau, after all. There is, of course, in *Caste* the inevitable but welcome piano, by which Mr. Robertson produces so many of his effects; and which is bought in by Captain Hawtree, at the sale of the distressed heroine's goods and chattels, on purpose that it may reappear in the last act. We must again demur to Mr. Robertson's jerkiness of dialogue. It may be like life, in its want of continuity, but the drama must be something more than life, else it were not worth seeing. It must be life condensed, intensified, and concentrated. But most of all must we condemn his miserable puns, which are proof positive that he is immature. No dramatist who has arrived at a true appreciation of his art would let old Eccles say of Sam Gerridge that, for his daughter Polly's husband, there could be no (gas)fitter man. An author who damns his dialogue with balderdash like this, is only a 'prentice hand. Mr. Robertson ought to be ashamed of himself. Perhaps he is.

The acting is remarkably good. Mr. Younge, as D'Alroy, the aristocrat, is admirable. This, his original part, could scarcely be played better. He is more at home as D'Alroy, in *Caste*, than he is as Beaufoy, in *School*. All that we can find fault with him for is a tendency to round his shoulders. Mr. Craven does not imitate Mr. Bancroft as Captain Hawtree so successfully as the same gentleman as Jack Poyntz. He caricatures him. Mr. Ray is very satisfactory as Eccles; and Miss Brunton is again good, as Polly, being lively, girlish, and intelligent. Mr. Canninge, as Sam Gerridge, wants oiling both in voice and limb, being too much like a wooden

doll, but he is admirably well up in the heavy "business" of his part. Again we must remark the excellent stage management evident in the perfectness with which by all the characters that "business" is performed. But we reserve our warmest praise for Miss Ada Dyas, Esther Eccles, D'Alroy's wife, the ballet-dancer. Though her acting is so quiet as to be in great part lost on all but close spectators, to those who are so fortunate as to get near the stage, her playing of this part is a feast. Strange to say, in the most difficult bits, she most excels; her perfect womanliness in the sword-scene at the end of the second act being worthy all praise, and the great success of the whole piece. Miss Dyas has a future before her. In her slow movements, is she not a little too slow? And when she is called before a house enthusiastic over her abilities, need she bestow all her bows upon a boxful of unintelligent swells, simply because they happen to have thrown her a paltry nosegay, in recognition of her figure?

We do not think a play like *Caste*—calculated as it is to keep one's heart in working order—can do anything but good; and its warm reception by a crowded house shows that the drama, when worthy, still retains its influence on the people. Indeed, *Caste* is so pleasant as to make one wish the picture that it paints were true—that ballet-dancers were so pure, noble men so unworldly, gas-fitters so immaculate, husbands so devoted, wives so true. But we must remember that we are only looking at a play—a picture—a poem—having little enough foundation in reality—its only truthful character being old Eccles, the working-man who doesn't work, but gets drunk. *Caste* contains what would be, were it universal, the blessing of society—not the spasmodic passion of sweethearts, but the substantial affection expressed in D'Alroy's explanation of his happiness—"Because I love my wife." Would that all husbands loved their wives. With a sigh, we turn from the cheerful theatre to the dismal world.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIANS AND THEIR GRAVEYARD.

IN the heart of old Salford, between King Street and Queen Street, lies an old chapel, surrounded by an old graveyard. In this graveyard rest the bodies of at least 30,000 persons, some, nay many of whom, were of note while they yet walked and talked on earth. The old chapel itself is almost an historical one. Joseph Brotherton was its minister when Salford first elected him as her member of parliament, and soon after he left it it fell into the hands of the Bible Christians, "who eat no meat." The story of the split between those who did "eat meat," and those who did not, would be a most interesting one to tell; but we can only now record the bare fact that those who "eat no meat" retained possession of the chapel, which they christened "Christ's Church."

By and by, the Bible Christians got too aristocratic for the slums of Salford, and moved their goods and chattels to the more fashionable neighbourhood—or vicinity, as Sam Gerridge in *Caste* would say—of Cross Lane. Whether these Bible Christians found the poor around their old establishment too poor to pay for the spiritual meat offered to them, or whether their arguments failed to reach them, history saith not. As a matter of course, when the congregation removed themselves, they could not also take the old chapel and its grounds with them; but their ingenuity proved quite equal to the occasion—they let it for building purposes.

It is bad enough, and causes outcry enough, when some unfeeling railway company ("a company has no conscience") ploughs up one of "God's Acres," but it is far worse when men who call themselves Christians, for the sake of lucre,—"treasure upon earth which moths and rust doth corrupt,"—traffic in what should be the last resting places of poor humanity. We always thought it was the hope of a sure and certain resurrection that prompted all the reverence Christians of all climes pay to their dead. Surely it is a strange way of showing their faith, to cart portions of the bodies of those who are already fallen asleep, to form a new street off Bury New Road? Years of preaching will not wipe out the bad, un-humanising effect the sight of carting away this old graveyard has had on the poor people who have daily watched its progress. We venture to remind the Salford Bible Christians of the epitaph placed over the grave of Shakespere in the chancel of Stratford Church:—

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
> To dig the dust enclosèd here:
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE proverbial difficulty of estimating the numbers of any great assemblage of people has been amusingly demonstrated in connection with the Conservative "demonstration" in Manchester, on Saturday last. Taking, first, the procession, here are the calculations of some of the "authorities":—

Reporter of the *Leeds Mercury*	20,000
Correspondent of the *Times*	20,000
The *Daily Telegraph*	25,000
Manchester Examiner and Times	22,500
Manchester Guardian	25,000
Morning Herald	200,000

The crowd in the gardens appears to have driven the calculators wild. A speaker at one of the platforms could only compare the multitude to "the sands on the sea-shore, that are utterly innumerable." However, some of the "best public instructors" condescend to plain figures, with this result:—

Manchester Guardian (number at any one time)	30,000
Leeds Mercury	50,000
Yorkshire Post (Leeds)	100,000
Mr. J. W. Maclure (at 5 o'clock)	117,000
Mr. John Plant (Curator of Peel Park, we presume)	135,000
Manchester Courier	200,000
Liverpool Mercury	200,000
The Earl of Derby (on presenting a petition to the House of Lords)	230,000
Grand Master of the Orangemen	250,000

It has for a considerable time past been one of our desires to favourably notice some performance at the Theatre Royal, but the management of that place of depression seem determined that we shall never have the gratification. Time after time have we attended there, not only willing, but anxious, to be pleased; yearning, indeed, to write a laudatory criticism: time after time have we come away, disgusted into censure, or contemptuous silence. Piece after piece does that misguided management produce, vieing with its predecessor in badness and extravagance. A play seems to need only to be utterly worthless to be produced at the Theatre Royal. It appears to be striving to nauseate the taste, and shock the critical faculties of the town. Its latest escapade is the production of Byron's lunatic melodrama, under the title—which has nothing whatever to do with the play—of the *Lancashire Lass*. We will not gravely criticise this mad thing. We could do nothing but condemn it, and we are sick of condemning Theatre Royal pieces. When we say that the first act-drop falls upon a strong situation, we have enumerated well nigh all its merits: almost all its other qualities are literary weaknesses, vices, sins, and crimes—its chief misdemeanour being its preposterous incoherence. It is, in fact, a play gone mad. We scarcely need remark, it has run more than a hundred nights in London. It ought to have rotted in a manager's drawer. The only way to stop these trashy pieces is for the press and public to deliberately neglect them. They will not bear examination. Accordingly, we do not minutely criticise it; but, in order to deter people from going to see it, we may state that it contains all the monstrosity, with little of the cleverness, of Boucicault, being a worthy companion piece to *After Dark*, substituting a steamer for a locomotive. But it possesses, also, an intrinsic tragic horror, which adds terribly to its depressing influence. It is besmeared with stains of blood, that cannot be washed off. Its title rattles in the ear like earth upon a coffin; its scenery is waving with funereal plumes; its heroine is costumed in a shroud. The two actresses who played that heroine at the two places—Liverpool and London—where it has been

acted, both died whilst performing it. We scarcely wonder. Such a part is almost homicide.

The Cathedral still persists in clanging all peace and quiet out of the Sunday air just when the surrounding congregations have commenced their services. Such an exhibition of selfishness is especially unbecoming in a church. What is the use of setting up to teach other people, when a little thing like this shows that the preceptor has not mastered even the elementary virtue of consideration for others? If the Old Church must commence its evening service half-an-hour later than everybody else, it will have to stop ringing its eccentricity into the ears of people who are otherwise engaged, or who would be otherwise engaged, if the clangour of its bells would let them be. As it is, they can do little else than—*bless* those bells, in a sense more slangy than apostolical.

Great has been the obloquy recently heaped upon the Carriage Company by certain suburban politicians and weekly periodicals. Never was so interested, unaccommodating, narrow-minded a monopoly. Its baseness was incredible. It actually wanted to make a profit out of its passengers. Think of that, suburban residents! Suburban residents did think of that. Suburban residents held meetings, and passed resolutions so inconsistent and contradictory that other suburban residents were struck garrulous by their absurdity. What of that? If men with a grievance mayn't know what it is, who may? Who may, we repeat? (Hear, hear.) Never was there such disgraceful want of accommodation. Never was there such a row about it. Rambling reporters rambled, anti-rambling correspondents anti-rambled, rambling reporters anti-anti-rambled. Rusholme had to walk; Failsworth had to train, and, above all, Levenshulme was getting drenched—and this was the harder for Levenshulme to bear, as every other suburb was buying dust-coats and white hats, and drinking ice-cream-soda-water at James Woolley's. Such abominable monopoly was not to be borne. Serious thoughts were entertained of calling upon the philanthropic Johnson—the splendid and disinterested nature of whose accommodation is notorious—to come with his superbly appointed 'bus and spanking team, so sleek and glossy that their very ribs are visible through their transparent skins. Infection spread. The man in the moon seriously thought of agitating for a pic-nic omnibus and four grey horses every minute, to accommodate the enormous traffic to and from that district. But Levenshulme was the most energetic. Levenshulme waited on the Carriage Company, and asserted the overwhelming unaccommodated traffic in its neighbourhood. The prayed-for extra 'bus was started the next morning. Such a rush! Such a scramble! Such a groaning 'bus, and such straining horses! Are our columns wide enough to hold the figures of the number of the martyrs to monopoly that crammed that 'bus? Talk of the demonstration at Pomona Gardens—Pooh! Levenshulme would scorn such paltry numerals. Would you believe it? Can you credit it? The passengers that grand desideratum of a 'bus conveyed to town were actually no less than—Five!

Oh, the iniquities that are perpetrated in the name of religion! In the way of absurdity, it has more to answer for than any other institution in the world. The researches which we are constantly making amongst the preachers and congregations of Manchester, recently brought us upon the following delicious bit of pious twaddle, which is so good a joke it would be selfish not to publish it—although its publication will be certain to chagrin the bard who does Mr. Gee's advertisements. We are sorry to offend that gentleman's susceptibilities, but he must remember that all literary lights are liable to be eclipsed at times.

When shall we all meet again?—
Shall we ever, shall we ever, ever—
All meet again?

Yes, we may all meet again;—
If not on earth, in Heaven
We may all meet again.

If we live unto God:—
If not on earth, in Heaven
We may all meet again.

When all our work here is done;—
If not on earth, in Heaven
We may all meet again.

Tears shall be all wiped away,—
If not on earth, in Heaven,
Shall be all wiped away.

Then, let us all meet again:—
If not on earth, in Heaven
Let us all meet again.

Can you not picture to yourself the author of this glorious pœan?—his rubicund cheeks, his bottle-nose, his white choker, (washed once a month), his uplifted palms, the whites of his bloodshot eyes turned up "until the strings nigh crackit," his little business in wine and spirit agency, not altogether innocent of coals, and his one idea a fortnight ("Please mum, it was a very little ole"). Can you not taste his fiery sherry, his acid claret, and his doctored port? Can you not see the awful hollows scooped out of the bottom of his bottles? Can you not hear the crackling of his gritty coals—all slack? The hymn, in fact, was worthy of the advertisement that directed us to it:—

"All seats free. The offertory at each service."

PARIS AS SEEN BY A MANCHESTER MAN.

I.—FRENCH HOTELS: THE STREETS OF PARIS.

[Many of our readers will remember with pleasure a series of papers, published about two years ago under the title of "A Manchester Man's Vacation Ramble," in which the author described, in a quaint original fashion, his impressions of a journey to France, and of the social life, manners, and customs of Paris. The same writer—an eminent fellow-citizen, whose hardly-earned and well-deserved reputation has been mainly won in other fields than those of literature—has favoured us with a second series of leisure notes, the result of a visit to Paris, in 1867. Their originality of view, shrewd observation, veracity, and thoughtful (albeit homely) suggestiveness, can scarcely fail to attract and retain the attention and interest of our readers.—EDITOR.]

I SENT you long ago my impressions of Paris. I forget the details, but it will be interesting to see if they agree with those derived from a journey to examine the great Exhibition of 1867. On the first journey everything was new, but time could not efface the beauty of much of the road. That road out of London, down to Kent, is a glorious view of peace and plenty which I have not yet seen equalled in any land except in small portions. We passed from the station to the Boulogne boat in the evening, in the bay of Folkestone, calm and beautiful in moonlight, but there was a north-east wind, and as soon as we got out from the shelter of the land, the treachery of the water came out, and many suffered.

I can well remember first seeing Boulogne. Every house was a novelty. I was never tired of looking at the mode of building. The windows were extraordinary; the doors were wonderful; the pavements were strange. Now the houses and people seemed dull and common. Then the Bains Hotel seemed grand on account of its really great size and numerous rooms, by no means resembling our English inns. The long room into which we were ushered for tea had nothing of grandeur, and seemed rather to be like the room in which the inmates of some charitable institution dine. It is, in fact, the dining room, and like the old guest room of all Central Europe. It was years before I could become reconciled to such a room, for even at first this had an appearance of business in it that repelled so much that only hunger allowed us to bear. You enter the room: there is no place to sit, except at the table before a plate. You are scarcely seated when you are asked what you will eat. You come in weary, but there is no place to rest, only this hard seat at the eating table. The room is the eating room. When you have done eating there is no room for you; you are not wanted. There is no room into which you can withdraw—no sitting room—except in a few places where England has introduced such conveniences—and you pass on to your bedroom. There we found a little bed, a little chair, a small and broken jug, containing water, in a very small room. Fatigue made this sufficient, but, without fatigue, what must we have done? We could only go out to a café or a theatre. In this way are men's habits formed. True, there are better rooms in this hotel, and I have been in better, too, excellent and comfortable, as well as cheerful; but few can be in such, and if alone, we become as dull as in the others. It will be a social change when the continent provides a sitting room for the guests in a hotel where they are not compelled to eat, to drink, or even to smoke, and where they shall be free from that long and miserable line of plates over which the cook has such control.

We went out to see the streets—all in mourning. The French are very proud of black. The shops are pure black, sometimes varied with gilding, and there is no variety. Yet the streets look well. Once I thought every shop had something new in it, and was different from, as well as better than, ours. Now I asked for a little bit of Windsor brown soap, and I get a piece sharp and harsh, resembling the original chiefly

in being browned, although with coarse earth. We wandered along that long street up to the higher town. We saw nothing interesting but one soldier relieved by another from guarding, and so uniformly dull had it been that the poor man, when he gave up his gun to the new comer, could not avoid making at least a pleasantry, if not a witticism. "I hope you will amuse yourself," he said, with sad gravity. The chief gate of the town is not, however, quite monotonous. We entered, and saw the cathedral. Here, I fear, I cannot quote Murray, and I do not even agree with him. The church is large, and it is Italian. True. However, I can scarcely speak evil of it, as it is the result of the labours and piety of a man who must long be revered. We were soon down at our hotel and off by train, glad to see more than the monotony of Boulogne, where every window seems the same as its neighbour's, every shutter painted the same, and every man wore the same kind of covering. France seems "triste."

However, we go rapidly by the train. At junctions we make sudden diversions, and at stations we seem to go faster than ever, and yet we do not arrive rapidly. We stop little, and take five hours and twenty minutes to go 160 miles. We go from London to Manchester, 187 miles, in five hours easily, and without jolting, sleeping all the way. I cannot sleep in these North France trains, or in those of Belgium. And yet, say you, the accidents are few. A great accident happened soon after we passed, near Calais, but a friend who was over told us that the papers were obliged to be quiet. Statistics make the accidents about the same in France as in England, but if the speed were as great in all cases as with that tidal train, France would outstrip America in the number of its slain.

Old railway traveller as I am, I arrived with great relief at Paris. We found a real old French inn, in the old Quarter of St. Germain, and were placed in little closets, five stairs up, and on brick floors; everything as old as the street, and the stairs and passages never washed. There was, again, a dining-room, not with a row of plates, but a row of little tables not much larger, and a kind of natural order to leave as soon as you had eaten. We laugh when we hear of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's time taking ale to their breakfast. Here they took claret, probably as sour as the old ale. You must not expect wine in Paris such as you get here at a dinner party, where the claret is delicious, with a nice nutty flavour; but you do also get delicious wines in private houses in France, of course. We met, in London, a lady who had been for the first time on the continent, and had great pleasure in keeping her house sweet and clean. She looked on the countries from a sanitary point of view, and Switzerland was judged by the smell in the passages of the hotels. Judged by this test, our hotel, as most in Paris, was uninhabitable. But I suppose the French are accustomed to the same at home, and they did not care. I went once to see an old college friend, who lived in a small town, and who was considered a wealthy man. I expected something very elegant, but I found an establishment far less elegant than a pigstye, and, without exaggeration, I should have preferred the pigstye. This was in Germany; but France has produced before us still more startling results, and the most pedantic refinement has existed along with the most wretched filth. I cannot ring the bell in these hotels till my own heart is wrung with grief at the poor men who come panting up the stairs, early and very late; who can be sorry if they die? One wonders they do not leap down at once from the great heights, and climb no more. A curious result of the long stairs is, that the ladies breakfast in their bonnets, and the gentlemen bring their great-coats, ready to go without mounting to their rooms.

We came home from the theatre rather late, and found an apparatus for emptying cess-pools at the door, and the odour in the street very bad. Paris has got great sewers, but they still use cess-pools, and most houses have one. We destroyed them here twenty years ago. France must have sewers as large as ours, but it really does not need them, as the filth is carted away; and it is well that they do so, as, otherwise, those who drink the Seine water would be more offended than they are. We met a family at Passy who had water from that part of the river, after it had passed all the city, and the whole town of Passy used it also. Paris, too, would have fine water-works, because London had them, and would not be contented with a less amount of water per head than we used; but it would not take the trouble of carrying it up to the high houses in pipes, and so water carriers were employed, and a great expense it is, as well as a weary job. The result is, that water enough for washing is not brought up, and the French, consequently, cannot be clean. And where goes this great supply of water? It flows along the gutters into the sewers, which take away a river of good water, but a very small portion of the filth of Paris, and far too little from the Parisians. But surely, you say, the French must be clean; look at their bright shops, and clean clothes! They certainly do look well; but I keep to my reasoning, and I think it is right. What, you ask, in spite of those magnificent streets, clean and white? Yes, in spite of them. Have you gone among the smaller streets of the outer circles of Paris, as I have done? or have you gone into the places, not yet demolished, where so many thousands still dwell in houses a century, or even half a century old? or have you seen Paris before Louis Napoleon built it? If you have not had these opportunities, you do not know what Frenchmen allow their dwellings to sink to. These show France. The new buildings show Louis Napoleon, and astonish the French at the same time that they are horrified at the expense. Everywhere beauty and order rise in solid forms when that man touches a street or an establishment, and he has touched so many that it is hard to go out of the reach of his activities.

The streets are wide, but there is still too little room. The people are crowded into small houses, and they are so uncomfortable that they are obliged to come out a good deal, so that the city is becoming gayer than ever, the streets less passable, and the difficulty of walking greater. All French houses are not so, but in Paris we do not, in most cases, see comfort. In the model houses of the workmen, shown at the exhibition, there were beautiful little rooms, remarkably well furnished, but there was no place to sit, except on a chair opposite another, with a small table between. We remember, in old times, being taken to tea parties where the people sat in a circle round the room, and got their tea brought, and were afraid to speak. I was reminded of them when I saw these French rooms. The kitchen, the brightest part of a workman's house, was extinct, and there was instead a small stove and slopstone in a closet. Here you could cook and wash the dishes, and then bring them to the dull room. Half the fun of a nice kitchen is to see the pot boiling and the busy housewife ply her care. In French country workmen's houses I saw this as in England, and very neat and clean they were. I noticed one room which I think we could imitate with advantage in England; it was a granary, as it is called—a loft, or garret, under the slates, for keeping stores. Why is this space not made use of among us, as of old. There I saw various herbs drying for seed next year, and irregular stores and lumber, which must exist in every respectable family residence. Not so in the little French rooms in Paris, to which so many are condemned, with doors on every side, every one running into another room; all draughty, of course; no dead wall, and communications made to other apartments for what cause one does not know. It would seem to us the height of inconvenience, and leading to much intrusion and consequent extrusion; to them it seems to give a facility of access which suits their habits when people happen to have friends. But those unhappy ones in lodgings, getting their key from a concierge, or door-keeper, who may have the key of scores of the like, must retire to lock themselves into small places from which it is no wonder they emerge as often as they can.

So it appears that, wide as the new streets are, Paris is overcrowded. Yes, it is so; wide streets don't increase the land. The houses must either be smaller or fewer in number. If they are smaller they must cause more of an out-door population, except when the weather is bad, an occurrence frequent enough, and then it must cause an uncomfortable population. If the new streets had occupied more ground than the old houses and pavements included, then reasoning would have led us to other conclusions.

SHAKESPERE A D BLACKFRIARS.

A SUGGESTION has been revived that the new bridge at Blackfriars, London, shall be called Shakespere-bridge. Although we are aware of the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres on the opposite sides of the river, and Shakespere's connection with them, we hope the old familiar name will not be tampered with. Fancy a Shakespere-bridge station on the Chatham and Dover line! An effort was made 100 years ago to have the structure, when first erected, called Pitt or Chatham bridge; but our Will needs no "pyramid of stone."

ARGUMENTATIVE APHORISMS.

[BY OUR IMPERTURBABLE PHILOSOPHER.]

THE end of a dispute is the beginning of a row.

Sound is not sound argument, but will confound an adversary.

Iteration gives advantage over an opponent, and must either exhaust or enrage him.

An exuberance of polysyllables may be indulged in with impunity, but simple facts are as edged tools in the hands of inexperience.

The weakest argument requires the strongest language.

The doubled fist is the "wrangler's" note of admiration.

The wise alone are witty; a harsh man can only be sarcastic.

Invective is the weapon of the snob.

The art of true controversy is to gain your point and leave your adversary unruffled.

A clever man needs not to be disagreeable; let the disagreeable man be as clever as he can.

A good jest is the salvation of a bad argument.

The judicious controversialist accepts victory like a misfortune or—pills.

A discussion is like a prize-fight—most gratifying to lookers-on.

GREENGATE.

GREENGATE and Broughton Road, Salford, are acquiring an unenviable notoriety as the scenes of numerous pugilistic encounters, chiefly among the youthful portion of the community. In this populous district, dedicated to the exhalations of the adjoining river, and the aromatic odours of sundry copper, chemical, and other works, a district which seems to remain much as it has been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, there are "mills" to be seen of a nature other than those of Messrs. Langworthy Brothers & Co. We do not allude to the establishments of Mr. Bill Brown, pugilist, or Mr. James Hancock, pedestrian, nor to the familiar figure of our old friend the Stalybridge Infant, who is frequently to be seen in this quarter. These are peaceable citizens, who pursue their professional avocations at intervals, in retired spots, in a legal illegal sort of way.

The entertainments to which we allude are given in the open street. Sometimes they take place about the time when the factories are loosed, and sometimes not. The neighbourhood is pugnacious, and even the dogs which abound in it, and the cocks and hens which pass their days on the street, and their nights in a cellar, are always at it. We have been an unintentional witness of several of these gratuitous exhibitions. A few weeks since two lads, who looked about fifteen years of age, but were probably older, as human growth is stunted in this quarter, had what sporting papers facetiously term a merry little mill, consisting of several rounds, aided by backers and bottle holders. It took place on a Sunday evening, as the bells were ringing for church, within fifty yards of a certain well-known church and an Independent chapel, which stand over against each other, like two competing theatres. Within the last seven days we have been a witness of two other affairs of a similar nature. One of these was also between two lads who showed considerable gameness, which might be utilised for better purposes. This performance occurred at half-past one p.m., and was numerously attended. The third "set to" which we saw was a very savage affair. The combatants were two young women, apparently factory operatives, who, having finished their duties as minders, piecers, or what not, showed what they could do in the noble art of self-defence. Their mode of fighting was what we believe would be considered unscientific by "the fancy," but it appeared to us to be sufficiently punishing, and caused strong excitement among the spectators. During the encounter between the women, one of whom was an Irish girl called Biddy, and the other a Lancashire Lass, Mary Ann, the partisans of each were very demonstrative. Mary Ann generally succeeded in throwing Biddy, whose head appeared to rival in hardness the stone pavement against which it came in contact. A tall, decently-dressed wench, in the inner ring, kept encouraging her champion most vigorously, shouting "Go into her, Mary Hann," with infinite gusto. Both girls would have benefitted much by having had false chignons, and would have saved that mode of punishment which consists in tearing out handfuls of back-hair by the roots.

By some singular coincidence during these fights, that languid functionary Mr. Robert Bluebottle invariably happens to be round the corner. When boys fight, unless one of the two succumbs, the combatants seem always to be finally separated by women; but when the contest is between women, then it appears to be the custom that a severance of the pugilists is effected by one or more of what has hitherto been considered the stronger sex. Mr. R. B. might find occupation for himself, and an opportunity for exhibiting his helmet, if he appeared more frequently in this neighbourhood on Sunday evenings, and on week-days about the time of the cessation of labour. Singular that there is no difficulty in finding Mr. R. B., at any moment, a little further on, in the peaceable suburb of Lower Broughton, where nothing disturbs the tranquility of the neighbourhood beyond an occasional shindy with an irascible toll-bar keeper, not one hundred miles from the Suspension Hotel. With regard to the fights, possibly our readers may blame us for not separating the combatants ourselves. Our only excuse is that we once tried it, and found that the interference caused such an addition to our tailor's bill, that, like Daniel O'Connell, we registered a vow in heaven never again to meddle with another battle.

THE CATHEDRAL.

IN Murray's newly-published *Handbook of the English Cathedrals*, that of Manchester is thus spoken of: "Although of rich and stately perpendicular work, it possesses none of the features which ought to mark the cathedral of a great see." Though this may be perfectly true, it is nevertheless unavoidable. Our cathedral is, as everybody knows, only a parish or a collegiate church, and was not built with the intention of it ever becoming anything else. Still, though it might never have been able to compete with even the smallest of our minsters as a minster, had not our old parish church been so utterly and so thoroughly ruined by "restoration," it would have easily held its own, and more than its own, in comparison with buildings of the same class. If only one-half the money which has been so lavishly and foolishly spent in doing irretrievable mischief had been spent in removing the cumbrous galleries, which at present disfigure its interior, though not one square foot of new stone-work had been laid, Manchester would still have had reason to be proud of its crumbling, but stately old church.

True, the poor building has suffered somewhat from former restorations; but, as two wrongs never make one right, that was no valid excuse for out-Heroding Herod in these later restorations. We unhesitatingly affirm that our cathedral, as it stands, is a permanent blot to our city. Externally, vulgarly new, fantastically wrought stone; internally, sham incarnate, and, like all other shams, spite of whitewash and paint, the deceit will betray itself. When we think of what "might have been," our painful anger is increased. Instead of the dirty, dingy, faded bride-cake-ornament look, prevalent in every nook and corner, we might have had a venerable, time-worn, but warm and wholesome interior. Anyone who has been in any of our old red-sandstone churches will appreciate what we mean. Suppose the famous St. Michael's, of Coventry, had been treated as has our cathedral, who would care to pay it a visit? Yet St. Michael's is hardly superior in plan and architectural features to our cathedral. Had Manchester been only treated with the same care and skill, how different would have been the result. True, the Coventry people had not a tithe as much money to spend, and therein, perhaps, lies the secret of their success. Here, the object seems to have been to spend as much money as possible, and to make as fine an outside show as possible. No matter whether the old work was in good or bad condition, "cut away" was the order, and thus all the old masons' work has been removed from the cathedral.

As we said in our article on the cathedral organ, internally not one single inch of stonework is visible—all is plaster. Can a single instance be pointed out in all England where a similar state of things prevails? Then, as to the galleries—ought their presence to be tolerated for a moment in a cathedral? The plea of "room" is not admissible, for, had the ground floor been only properly opened out, far more room than that afforded by these monstrosities could have been made available for every service. Had not the surface of the old work been hacked off, all necessary would be to remove the plaster; but now, nothing less than entire internal re-casing will be of any avail.

Not content with the many obstructions which now block up the interior, the only open view in the whole building is threatened, by the proposed removal of the organ. We would only ask whether the choir screen was originally intended to carry an organ, and whether Lichfield, Worcester, or, in fact, any well restored cathedral or parish church, has its organ in such a false position? If organists are to consider organ, and building, and choristers, merely as perquisites attached to their office, by all means let us have a throne built for their highnesses. If, on the other hand, they are to be subordinated to their proper church-sphere, let us be careful how we afford their vanity too great an opportunity for display.

SALE INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.

[THE REV. EDWARD MORRIS.]

THE Independent Chapel at Sale is close to the railway station, and is visible to the left of the line as one looks towards Bowdon. It is an erection of red bricks, as plain and unlovely as could well be; resembling, in this feature, most dissenting tabernacles, in which any approach to architectural beauty is carefully shunned, as if such beauty suggested the near presence of the world and the flesh. At some far-off date, when the climbing ivy has become thicker and more widely spread, the appearance of Sale Chapel will be greatly improved. Within, the chapel is lofty, and, as a by no means necessary consequence, unpleasantly draughty. In sultry summer weather, the sensation of having one's hair gently blown about is not particularly disagreeable; but in winter, delicate people may not unnaturally object to such extraordinary breeziness. We have heard of malcontents who, in a vain endeavour to escape, have tried pews in every part of the place. The back of each pew is bedecked with two small printed notices, announcing that the incidental expenses of the place are defrayed by voluntary weekly contributions. The paint of the seats seems to be gifted with the unfortunate property of continuing soft and sticky for an infinite length of time. After remaining for a little in one position, and then endeavouring to move, a feeling of horrible doubt creeps over the worshipper, whether it may not be impossible ever to rise again.

The attendance on the morning of our visit did not appear to us particularly large, and in the evening, we are told, the congregation is smaller than at the earlier service. The appearance of the congregation suggests that there are few of its members who are very wealthy or very "fine" folk. There is an aspect of homeliness (not in the American sense) and comfort about most of the people, and no palpable evidence of stiffness or stand-offishness. The music partakes of the homely character of the congregation. The choir is composed of such members of the congregation as suppose, or whose friends suppose, that they are gifted with musical powers. The mass of the congregation give such assistance as they can. Though the singing is not scientific and elaborate, and might not be pleasing to the critical ears of such, for instance, as are accustomed to the music of St. Peter's Church, Manchester, it is at least hearty. It seems inherent in the constitution of human nature that any assembly of people, when gathered together for the purposes of Christian worship, affords an opportunity for the development of the love of gossip, small talk, and slander. There are always some attenders whose conduct is not altogether pleasing and satisfactory to their fellow-Christians, who do not attend regularly enough, or who are not so punctual as they ought to be, or as their critics are. Their want of attention to the time of commencing the service is in some cases said not to be accidental or careless, but deliberate and of malice propense, assumed for the purpose of creating a sensation. Many are they whose manner of dress does not afford unmitigated satisfaction to good-natured observers. Other worshippers, during prayer, kneel in a fashion which is pronounced to be affected; though it is true that no suppliant concerned for the well-being of his body would be hopeful of his suit before an earthly potentate if content with the lazy sprawl which does duty for kneeling in most chapels. All these sources of dissatisfaction exist at Sale Chapel. Nor are these the only matters of complaint. Though there are numerous young ladies, the place is poor in eligible young men. Their numbers are so few, and their attentions so cautious, or so completely absent, that going to chapel is fraught with few of the usual pleasurable sensations, to such young ladies as are interested. Sunday-school flirtations are almost non-existent. Whit-week trips resolve themselves into the dryest of excursions, with nothing to do but to look after the comfort of troublesome children. Other amusements of the pic-nic character are either not known in connection with the chapel, or are so utterly mismanaged or unmanaged, that little pleasure, and still less profit, can be hoped for from them. A chapel wedding is almost, if not quite, unknown. Should three or four bachelors haply put in an appearance as regular worshippers, probably from timidity combining their forces, and sitting in majestic solitude, a flutter of excitement is visible throughout the edifice. Hapless maidens are stricken with a weakness for waiting about the door at the conclusion of the service. Some are scandalous enough to suggest that ample opportunities are then granted for the young men to volunteer their services to see them home. It is melancholy to think that the misguided young men seem little aware of the extent of their privileges.

The pastor of the church is, and has been, we are told, for a considerable number of years, the Rev. Edward Morris. His features are dark and almost Moorish in hue. His appearance in the pulpit is attractive, and his presence dignified, without any suspicion of clerical stiffness. He begins the service in a low tone of voice, but as he goes on it becomes louder and fuller, and his enunciation is slow and distinct. His prayers, which, as in other dissenting places of worship, are extempore, or, at least, are not read or repeated from memory, as in the service of the established church, are simple in language, and earnest in tone. His sermons, whatever the impression of Episcopalian hearers might be, are not long when compared with those of other Nonconformist ministers. Many Wesleyan preachers seem to think that no discourse concluded within an hour can be perfect. Mr. Morris's morning sermon generally extends over about thirty-five minutes. He exhibits great tact in listening to the warnings of the clock. With the striking of the hour of twelve he at once begins to draw to a conclusion, and long practice has given him such skill in the art of finishing off his sermon that, however deep he may apparently be in his subject, he extricates himself, and concludes his discourse without the slightest appearance of hurry or abruptness, immediately after the striking of the bell, to the utter discomfiture of that demon of restlessness which always seizes upon those who are compelled to listen longer than they like, or than they are taught to expect. In the evening, the opening part of the service is shorter, and the sermon somewhat longer. The discourses of Mr. Morris, like his prayers, are simple and unaffectedly plain-spoken in language. There are no pretensions in the preacher's style to ornate or florid eloquence. They are always vigorous and earnest. There runs through them a depth of poetic feeling, combined, in a wonderful manner, with extreme practicality. Practicality, in fact, seems to be the distinguishing feature of his preaching. He dwells largely on the absolute necessity of uniformity between practice and profession, and the embodiment of Christian profession in a Christian life. Mere profession, which goes no further, and ends in nothing but profession, he appears to us to regard with something like contempt. By all means, learn to labour and to wait (he says to his hearers); but don't, as many of you appear to do, devote all your attention to waiting.

Mr. Morris's personal character is attractive and lovable. So far as it is possible for an outsider to judge on such a point, he lives up to his professions, not preaching what he fails to put in practice. Whether he be assisting the play of Whit-week scholars, attending to his duties as a guardian for the district at the board meetings at Knutsford, or presiding at indignation meetings on the subject of dear butchers' meat, as chronicled in the vast sheets of the *Altrincham and Bowdon Guardian*, he is an object of regard and esteem to all who are brought in contact with him.

G. TWIGG'S Patent Corkscrews. The most powerful ever invented, and being provided with a patent India-rubber pad, which forms an elastic cushion for the neck, they are warranted not to break the bottle.
Manufactory: 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.—Sold by all Ironmongers.

EARLY VISITORS TO THE LAKES.

A writer in a northern contemporary gives an amusing account of a visit he paid in Whitweek to Borrowdale, in which he expatiates upon the advantages in point of cheapness and comfortable accommodation which an early visit ensures. "Last week," he says, "the worst inn's worst room was a little Paradise of neatness and cleanliness, spotless shades and antimacassars that seemed woven flakes of virgin snow, and the veriest Blouselinda stood a smirking Peri at the gate, smiling a sunny welcome; for behind you lay the yet untasted harvest of visitors, and you were welcomed as the blossom, the fragrant promise of the season. From the boots to the host there spread a sparkling ripple that wrapt you in a circle of satisfaction, . . and yet, on your departure, you will find that you have been faring sumptuously for a charge that would scarcely command cheese and bread in the height of the season." While enjoying these blessings, the writer fell in with two Americans, who were fully alive to the advantages of travelling in the beginning of the season, and who, "not content with the royal reception of first arrivals, which they confessed they had smelt all the way from Illinois, added another hue to the rainbow with a felicity worthy of a Barnum. One of them, in that penetrating nasal key which finds its way to every ear, informed us about four times a day that he was connected with the press, and writing home a series of letters on the accommodation and charges of the hotels of the old world, letters that would be read by thousands in America, and would be sure to influence them in the choice of a lodge in their line of march through England. Though the information could not possibly be intended for our landlord, it is just conceivable that if it reached his ear it would have a considerable influence on the treatment and the tariff of these two early birds. When our travellers departed, there was a muster of the whole establishment, and a scene worthy of Elder Whittles' pencil. In the noblest spread eagle style, the correspondent of the Boston Bradshaw elevated the host with a tall assurance of the high gratification his visit had afforded him, promised to make a longer sojourn with him next time, and to recommend him to the yet untravelled millions of his mighty people, and then, in the rich tones of a man who has had a liberal discount, inquired if he had paid everything, 'Is the waiter satisfied, is the chambermaid satisfied, is boots satisfied,' and (though he had just made a close bargain with the landlord that he was to pay no fees to driver, and no gates), turning to the driver, he said, 'are you satisfied? then so am I,' and then, wrapping a third overcoat round the free and independent outline of his gaunt form, he vanished into the setting sun."

ENGLISH TOURISTS ABROAD.—Mr. Alfred Michel in his *History of Flemish Painters* narrates a curious incident illustrative of the snobbery which makes foreign guardians of museums close their doors to English tourists. Ruben's house, at Cologne, belongs to a rich merchant, and on the historian presenting himself the door was opened by the merchant himself. On hearing his visitor's object, he asked, "Where are you from?" "From Brussels." "You are not an Englishman, then?" No; I am writing a history of Flemish and Dutch painters." Come in then, and welcome, and pardon my cross-questioning. If you knew what scamps these English are; they scrape my walls, tear down the paper, cut pieces off my furniture and curtains, under the pretext of carrying away some relic of the illustrious painter. I have resolved to admit no Englishman in future without very good warrant of his respectability."

Mr. Orlando Jewitt, the well-known wood-engraver, died at his house in Camden-town on the 30th of last month, aged seventy. As an engraver of architectural subjects, Mr. Jewitt was unrivalled. He was connected with the modern "renaissance" of Gothic architecture from its very commencement; and the woodcuts in Mr. J. H. Parker's *Glossary* were all executed by him. His latest as well as his most important works of this class were the engravings in Murray's *Hand-books to the English Cathedrals*. Some of the engravings there to be found—the choir and reredos of Ely for instance—the stalls of Winchester, and especially those in the just-published "Northern" volumes—are as admirable examples of zylography as have been produced since the infancy of the art.

An amusing incident occured lately at a theatre in Saxony—*Hamlet* was being performed. In the great monologue (Act 3, scene 1), where Hamlet says—

> But that the dread of something after death,
> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns;

a country fellow in the gallery exclaimed, "Stupid! didn't you see your father's spirit last night? Where do you think he came from?"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I sincerely thank you for your article on "Cruelty to Animals," and trust you will follow up the subject. There is a large amount of cruelty practised daily in the city and suburbs, which could be much lessened with a little trouble. For instance, I myself, whenever I see a man ill-using a horse in harness, at once go to the cart, take down the owner's name, and write to him. It is a singular fact that men are trusted with valuable horses who would not be trusted by their masters with a crown piece. There is a vile practice, and much on the increase, of kicking a horse in the belly; the blow leaves a mark that may be at once discovered. Good old Egerton Smith, of the *Liverpool Mercury*, did much in his day to alleviate the daily torture of brutes brought from Ireland and other places to Liverpool. I am sorry to say there is much cruelty practised by what we call the better class of society. Nothing is more cruel than the wanton maiming of tame birds, pigeons, to wit, and these pigeon-maimers call themselves sportsmen, forsooth! I am glad you have drawn public attention to the society in Essex Street. It is not advertised sufficiently, and only a few know of its existence. I hope your efforts will cause contributions to be sent to the secretary; and I should be glad to find a number of young men (whose business calls them daily through the streets of Manchester) combine to take note of wanton acts of cruelty, and give information to owners and others interested in the proper treatment of cattle.—I am, your obedient servant,

A VOTER FOR MARTIN'S ACT.

Flixton, near Manchester,
June 12, 1869.

RIVINGTON PIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I was surprised on reading the article entitled "To Erin's Isle," in last Saturday's Sphinx, to find that the author of *Lancashire Sketches*, and one who is so well acquainted with the topography of Lancashire, completely in error with respect to the locality of Rivington Pike. He says, (after leaving Chorley,) "the country now gets greener and quieter as we roll along, and Rivington Pike sails into sight on the right hand side," and, judging from the next sentence this must be near Leyland. Now the fact is, Rivington Pike sailed into sight soon after leaving Bolton, and fully ten miles before Mr. Waugh says it does. The traveller by rail is directly opposite to, and in full view of, the Pike about half a mile beyond the Horwich and Blackrod Station. It sails out of sight just before reaching Chorley, and is simply invisible at the point named by Mr. Waugh. I would not have troubled you with this letter, only that the article in question might lead some of your readers, and possibly some intending visitors to the Pike and the Lancashire Lakes, into error as to the locality of those favourite resorts for pic-nic parties—the nearest station to which is Horwich and Blackrod. I think the writer must have meant Hoghton Tower, which is visible on a clear day somewhere about the point named by Mr. Waugh, and not Rivington Pike.—Yours,

A. BLACKRODIAN.

June 9th, 1869.

Amusements.

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TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY,
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Libretto by F. C. BURNAND.
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the eminent composer, who will personally conduct the powerfully augmented orchestra.
Amongst other attractions will be produced
PATIENT PENELOPE,
THE MILITARY BILLY TAYLOR,
A NAILING NOTION, &c. &c.
Private Boxes, on this occasion, £3. 3s. and £1. 10s. 6d.; Stalls and Dress Circle, 5s.—The Box-plan will be opened on Saturday morning, June 19th, at Eleven o'clock, when places may be secured.

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BELLE VUE,
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from the great composers, including Mozart, Auber, Rossini, Bellini, Balfe, Jullien, A. Mellon, &c., commencing at three o'clock.
DANCING on the MONSTRE PLATFORM,
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ADMISSION 6d. NO EXTRA CHARGES.
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ADMIRATION OR LOVE?—It is better, in some respects, to be admired by those with whom you live, than to be loved by them. And this, not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love. If you are admired by those who surround you, you have little to explain, or to justify. They believe in you. And this makes the wheels of life go very smoothly with you. Of course love often infers admiration; but there are many instances in which the two things are utterly dissevered.—*Arthur Helps.*

THE *SPHINX* BY POST.

For the accommodation of the large and increasing number of Subscribers who receive the *Sphinx* by post, it is now published on Friday afternoon, so that copies can reach any part of England on Saturday morning. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester.

A. N. (LUDDENDEN-FOOT).—Mr. Hotten's edition of Mr. Bright's Speeches comprises speeches on India, America, Parliamentary Reform, and other questions, delivered at various times during the past twenty years.

EXPOSURE.—The word "speculation," as printed, was written "speculations," which, of course, would make the passage correct. As for the lecturer referred to, the *Sphinx* never heard and never mentioned him. "Exposure" has made some mistake.

The Manchester SIXTH Annual GRAND ATHLETIC FESTIVAL

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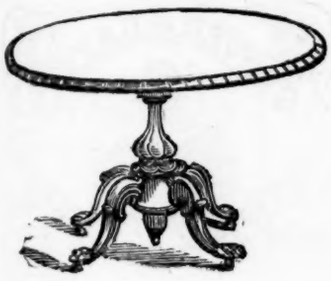

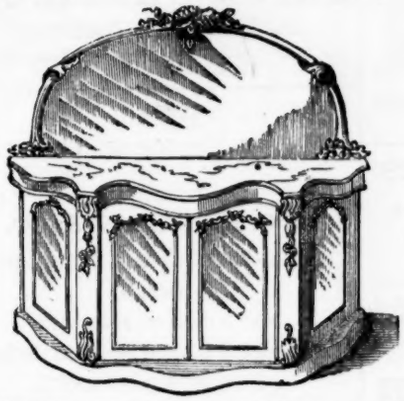

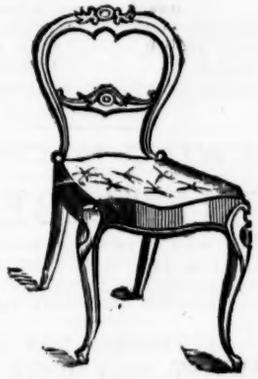

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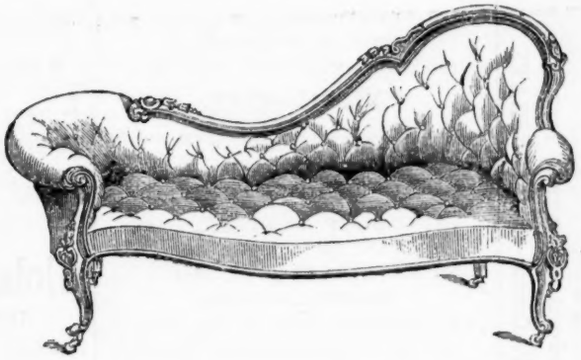

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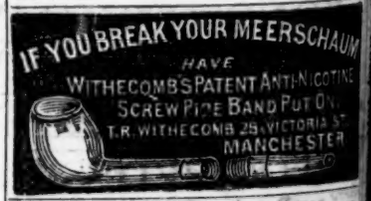

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